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In spite of the undoubted "Gründlichkeit" of its learning the book is one that would have brought a sigh to the lips of Callimachus. Overburdened with tiresome repetitions and prolix analyses it makes dull reading and is a veritable *parrum in multo*. πολυμαθήν νόον οὐ διδάσκει. The second chapter in particular (S. 64-348) suggests a warehouse in which goods without proper labels are piled to the ceiling, or, better, reminds one (there is no index, only a brief "Inhaltsübersicht") of the proverbial haystack.

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*Le Satire di Orazio.* By VINCENZO USSANI. Napoli. F. Perrella, 1916.

The name of Vincenzo Ussani is already familiar to American classical students on the title-page of annotated editions of the *Odes* of Horace and the *Annals* of Tacitus. In the volume before us the same editor presents a similar treatment of the *Satires* of Horace.

The Preface, dealing with "Orazio e la satira," is clear and succinct and does not aim at being exhaustive. Recent American discussions, for instance, are quite untouched. Turning to the satires themselves, we find each one preceded by an intelligent and sympathetic summary; and the fact that our editor does not mince matters is shown by his prominent caption for the second satire: "Meglio la Venere vaga che l'adulterio." The notes, at the bottom of the page, are laudably sane, brief, and direct. The index is limited to proper names.

Inasmuch as any student of Horace who would be using an Italian edition would be quite as competent as the reviewer to make detailed criticisms, I have thought it best simply to indicate the nature of the volume. On the whole, I think it is well adapted to its modest purpose; and it is a pleasure to add that the Italian is throughout delightfully clear.

F. B. R. HELLEMS

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*Virgil. Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid i-vi.* With an English translation by H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH. (Loeb Classical Library.) London: William Heinemann, 1916. Pp. xiv+671. \$1.50.

Volume I of the Loeb Library Virgil contains the *Eclogues*, the *Georgics*, and the first six books of the *Aeneid*, and is the work of Professor H. Rushton Fairclough, of Stanford University.

A brief introduction of the type now familiar in this series deals clearly and informingly with the "Life of Virgil," "Manuscripts," and "Editions and Commentaries." The translation itself will be thoroughly acceptable to believers in a "literary" version of Virgil. It is often formal and reminiscent of English poetry, but it is never pedantic; and when simplicity and

directness are demanded by the original the rendering rings pleasingly true. However, a couple of excerpts will probably be more useful than any further general comment, so I quote the renderings of two very well-known passages.

O happy husbandmen! too happy, should they come to know their blessings! for whom, far from the clash of arms, most righteous Earth, unbidden, pours forth from her soil an easy sustenance. What though no stately mansion with proud portals disgorges at dawn from all its halls a tide of visitors, though they never gaze at doors inlaid with lovely tortoise-shell or at raiment tricked with gold or at bronzes of Ephyra, though their white wool be not stained with Assyrian dye, or their clear oil's service spoiled by cassia? Yet theirs is repose without care, and a life that knows no fraud, but is rich in treasures manifold. Yea, the ease of broad domains, caverns, and living lakes, and cool vales, the lowing of the kine, and soft slumbers beneath the trees—all are theirs. They have woodland glades and the haunts of game; a youth hardened to toil and inured to scanty fare; worship of gods and reverence for age; among them, as she quitted the earth, Justice planted her latest steps [*Georgics* ii. 458-74].

On they went dimly, beneath the lonely night amid the gloom, through the empty halls of Dis and his phantom realm, even as under the grudging light of an inconstant moon lies a path in the forest, when Jupiter has buried the sky in shade and black Night has stolen from the world her hues. Just before the entrance, even within the very jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed; there pale Diseases dwell, and sad Age, and Fear, and ill-counselling Famine, and loathly Want, shapes terrible to view; and Death and Distress; next, Death's own brother Sleep, and the soul's Guilty Joys, and, on the threshold opposite, the death-bearer War, and the Furies' iron cells, and savage Strife, her snaky locks entwined with bloody fillets [*Aeneid* vi. 268-81].

I suppose it would be very hard for me to write an unfavorable criticism of anything from the pen of Professor Fairclough, who was incredibly kind to an eager but irritating Freshman nearly thirty years ago; but I do not think my opinion of the present work is influenced in any way by gratitude or pleasant memories. To me the volume seems to serve admirably the purpose for which it was prepared.

F. B. R. HELLEMS

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*The Greek Genius and Its Influence.* By LANE COOPER. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Oxford University Press, 1917.

Professor Lane Cooper's services to the most desirable alliance between classical philology and the teaching of English in this country will soon defy enumeration. It would be unfair to cavil at the somewhat ambitious title which he has given to the present useful collection of essays and extracts about the Greek genius and its influence. The student will not find in the book either a continuous history of Greek influence or a definite, still less a definitive, characterization of the Greek genius. But neither would he